

Children's Corner.

ONLY A LITTLE SUNBEAM.

Only a little sunbeam,
But it fell on an op'ning rose;
Only a tiny rain-drop,
But it helped a green leaf uncloze.

Only a robin singing,
But the song reached to heav'n above;
Only a lovely blossom,
But its mission was one of love.

Only a gentle hand-clasp,
But it made grateful tear-drops start;
Only a look of pity,
But it fell on an aching heart.

Only a kind word spoken,
But it reached a poor outcast one;
Only a word that told her
Of the dear loving Father's Son.

Only the cry, "Forgive me!"
But the Saviour approving smiled,
Only an outcast praying,
But the Father calls her His child.

IMPRESSIONS OF YOUTH.

The late Dr. Spencer said that when he was a lad his father gave him a little tree that had just been grafted. One day in his father's absence, he left the colt in the garden, and the young animal broke off the graft. It was mended, however, on the following day, and continued to grow finely. Years passed, and young Spencer became a man, and a minister. Some time after he became pastor he made a visit to the old homestead where he spent his boyhood. His little sapling had become a large tree, and was loaded with apples. During the night after his arrival at the homestead there was a violent thunder storm, and the wind blew fearfully. He rose early in the morning, and on going out found his tree lying prostrate upon the ground. The wind had twisted it off just where the colt had broken it when it was a sapling. Probably the storm would not have broken it at all if it had not been broken when it was small. It will usually be found that those who are vicious in manhood dropped a seed in the morning of life; that the fallen youth,

who was religiously trained, and has become corrupt, broke off his connection with virtuous ways just where he did a wicked thing in boyhood. Here is a fact to be pondered.

ASKING, NOT TAKING.

A sick soldier, whose suffering was so great that he often wished he was dead, being asked, "How are you to escape everlasting pain?" replied,

"I am praying to God, and striving to do my duty as well as I can."

"What are you praying for?" I asked.

"For the pardon of my sins."

"But now, if your wife were offering you a cup of tea which she had prepared for you, what would be your duty?"

"To take it from her, surely."

"Do you think that God is offering you anything?"

"Oh! yes, sir; I think He is offering pardon to all, through Jesus Christ."

"What is your duty, then?"

"Ah! sir," he said with much feeling, "I ought to accept it."

"And yet you keep asking Him for what He offers, instead of taking it at once! But now tell me what you really require to be this moment a pardoned man?"

"I only want faith in Jesus," was his answer.

"Come, then, at once to Jesus. Receive Him as your Saviour; and in Him you will find all that you need for time and for eternity."

"GET out of the way! what are you good for?" said a cross old man to a bright-eyed urchin, who happened to stand in his way. The little fellow replied very gently, "They make men out of such things as we are."

THE expression, "grieving the Holy Spirit," is one which, prayerfully pondered, will touch the inner depth of any soul in which there is the least spark of heavenly light. The heart of our Father in heaven throbs in the words.